



TALES OF

THE

FULL MOON MASTER

#3 Taylor Made Werewolf

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ER



TAYLOR PLICKED AWAY AT THE STRINGS ON HER GUITAR, HAVING LOST TRACK OF TIME. SHE WAS SO CLOSE TO FINISHING THIS NEW SONG...



BUT THE MOON WAITS FOR ONE, AND SUDDENLY, A WAVE OF PAIN OVERTOOK HER, CAUSING HER TO FALL TO THE WALL OF HER STUDIO AND DROP HER GUITAR.



SHE STARED AT HER HANDS IN HORROR AS HER NAILS BEGAN TO SLIDE OUT INTO LONG, POINTED CLAWS!



HER HANDS ACHED AND PULSED AS THEY BEGAN TO GROW THICKER...

HER ENTIRE TORSO BEGAN TO ACHE AS IT SWELLED BEFORE HER EYES, STRETCHING HER SHIRT.



TAYLOR'S UPPER BODY CONTINUED TO GROW, AS HER SHIRT GAPED AND REVEALED HER STRETCHING BRA BENEATH HER CLOTHES...



HER GROWING FEET STRETCHED THE LEATHER OF HER SHOES...



UNABLE TO CONTAIN MONSTROUS PAWS, THE TOES OF HER SHOES GAVE WAY...



AND BENEATH HER SHIRT, HER BRA GAVE WAY TO HER GROWING BREASTS!



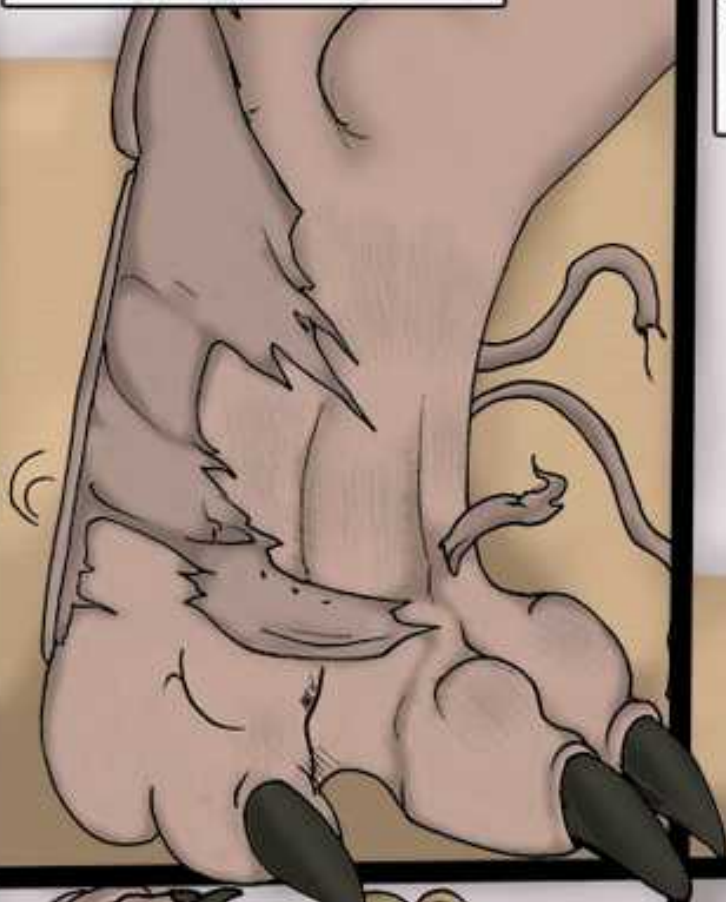
TAYLOR COULD ONLY WATCH AS MASSIVE SHOULDERS TORE THROUGH THE SEAMS OF HER SHIRT!

AND BUTTONS BEGAN TO POP OFF AS HER BUST EXPANDED AGAIN QUICKLY!

SHE COULD FEEL THE PRESSURE MOVING TO HER EARS AND HER TEETH AS THEY GREW LONGER AND POINTED.

AND THE BACK OF HER SHIRT EVEN BEGAN TO SHRED AS SHE PITCHED FORWARD IN PAIN OF THE GROWTH.

HER FEET WENT THROUGH
ANOTHER GROWTH SPURT AND
RIPPED HER SHOES TO
SHREDS!




AND THE
CHANGES
WORKED UP
HER LEGS AS
THE MUSCLES
GREW AND
TIGHTENED...



AND SOON
HER SHIRT
WAS
NOTHING
BUT
SHREDS!







HER SHORTS
WERE NEXT...



HER BUTTON
POPPED OFF; HER
FLY WAS PULLED
OPEN...



AND HER
GROWING GLUTS
RIPPED THROUGH
HER BOTTOMS!



AND A BONY TAIL
BEGAN TO GROW
FROM THE BASE
OF HER SPINE!



IT WAS ALMOST OVER - IT HAD ALMOST WON AS HER NECK BEGAN TO THICKEN AND HER EARS GREW LONGER.



AND HER NOSE AND MOUTH GREW OUT INTO A HIDEOUS SNARL!



SHE CLOSED HER EYES, TRYING TO RESIST THE PAIN, THE INVASIVE FORCE IN HER MIND!



BUT BY THE TIME SHE OPENED HER EYES AGAIN, THEY GLOWED A FERAL YELLOW AND TAYLOR WAS NO MORE - ONLY THE WEREWOLF REMAINED!



*THE WEREWOLF IN
ALL HER GLORY LET
LOOSE A
BLOODCURDLING
SNARL. TAYLOR'S
PRIVATE
RECORDING
STUDIO WOULD
NOT HOLD HER
LONG!*